

The Times on the Battles of the Chickahominy.

The following is a copy of the leading editorial of the London "Times," of July 21st:

For some days past the tidings of the battles before Richmond have vibrated with every hour. Telegrams and mails have succeeded each other with discordant rapidity. The pendulum has swung from the point of Federal victory to that of Federal destruction. No one could tell what had really happened, because no one could believe the Government assurances, and it was not safe to give credence to the panic fears which in the general ignorance arose in the popular imagination. Everything which lay between a successful strategic movement and the utter destruction of the army of the Potomac was possible, and every possible contingency had its advocate.

At length however the truth begins to become apparent, and there really is very little difference between the facts as they are now told in sober phrase and the worst version which was blurted to the world in scattering telegrams. If it be not true that McClellan is a fugitive, and the whole of his army pressed to the necessity of a capitulation, it appears that there was a moment when this appeared so natural a result of the position that they who asserted those facts might fairly have believed that they were justified by what was happening around them. A series of six days of battle, and six days of defeat is now described in the letters received at New York. Routes wherein officers often led the way of flight, and in which they never succeeded in staying the headlong scurrier of their men, a general "stampede" to the cry of "The Rebels are coming," a run from post to post, the enemies ever pursuing, and the dead and wounded left in the hands of the pursuers. These are the events which are now detailed in horrible minuteness by those who have survived them. Six days and seventeen miles of flight and slaughter are the real facts which have been sickened over by pale, ghastly boasts of strategic success. The dead had no more to fear, but the wounded were left in the swamps where they fell, necessarily deserted by their flying friends, passed over by their enemies, and without hope of seeing other faces in this world than those of men and women who had a right to detest them as mercenary plunderers and invaders. Such a scene arouses every sense of honor and pity; but these feelings are turned half into contempt when we find the leader of this panic-stricken host, having left his siege batteries and his stores behind, having fled to his ships, and being momentarily safe under the protection of their guns, compliments in a general order the ragged remnants of his army upon their achievements and their valor, and volunteers the conspicuous falsehood that they have saved all their material and all their guns, except a few lost in battle.

Such a dreadful carnage as that which has just taken place in America is unknown in modern times. As the honors of the French revolution erupted out of peaceful looking votes of general fraternity and the abolition of capital punishment, so the bloodless sieges and battles which gave the commencement of this civil war an air of pastime have deepened into a furious struggle in which populations seem to join with no other idea than that of mutual extermination. With a great army completely beaten and demoralized, it is painful to find the defeated General fabricating portentous estimates of the amount of men his conquerors must have lost in beating him. It is sadly ludicrous to see him making a pretence of stealing back towards the city he lately beleaguered; feeling his way along the banks of his protecting river with cautious leisure, and venturing only where his gunboats can accompany him, and can shell the woods in his front to make sure there is no Confederate force that can harm him. While his flags of truce are refused, and while he is unable to count his own dead or gather his own wounded, it is pitiable to hear him talk of the Confederate loss. Perhaps we might pardon him, under the circumstances, for stating in his dispatches to Washington that at "one o'clock on the Fourth of July—the great day of Independence—the bands were playing, the national salutes being fired, and things looking bright;" but is not pardonable in a General so utterly beaten and so nearly destroyed to re-assert in that same dispatch that "Our forces were not beaten in any conflict, nor could they be driven from the field by the uttermost efforts of the enemy." Neither is it pardonable in a General addressing an army yet panting from a seventeen miles' run to parody the language of Napoleon, and tell his wretched followers that they may always say with pride, "I belonged to the army of the Potomac." We understand the fortitude and determination of a brave man under defeat, but these qualities never lack the dignity of truth, and are never seen draped in tawdry falsehood.

But we shall probably be asked what is it to us that General McClellan should talk this trash to his army and to his Government. We answer, first, that official documents are the materials of history, and that it is the business of every man to expose those who falsify them. Veracity in men who hold conspicuous positions is also a quality which it is the interest of all mankind to insist upon on pain of infamy. But principally it is in the interest of humanity that we desire to cry down this newly adopted custom of systematic falsehood. While the American press is gagged; while private opinion in the Northern States are under the suppression of a terrorism; while the Government prints what it pleases, and points to its public dispatches as the only current facts, it is important that every free voice should cry a warning against the deception which is being practised upon the people of America. These falsehoods, which are so ridiculous here, where we can compare them with the accounts of eyewitnesses transmitted from the spot, may have the effect of hardening the North to the further prosecution of this hopeless and sanguinary invasion.

We believe that if, the history of those six

days' fighting could be fairly told all over the Northern States, the effect would be to put an end to this war. Not that the North would be daunted by the carnage or think itself unable to continue the contest, but that be further pursued, and not worth the sacrifice demanded. It is very different to give up the desire to possess another man's house, and to surrender the determination of defending your own. You may easily come to find the first to be an imprudent adventure; you can never come to find the last an object to be abandoned. This difference is forgotten by the few shallow reasoners in this country who are constantly telling us that 20,000,000 must in the end beat 8,000,000. So they would, no doubt, if the two populations would meet in some great prairie, and fight it out at once. But, as the 20,000,000 can only send a part of their numbers against the 8,000,000, and must maintain these at a distance from home, the figures are by no means conclusive. In practice the 20,000,000 dwindle down to that fraction of them who choose to go out and fight, whereas the 8,000,000, being attacked in their own homes, are compelled to muster their whole fighting force. The practical refutation of this silly fallacy, as it is to be read in every page of former history, is now also to be seen in every fact of our contemporary experience. A population of 20,000,000 ought to give about four millions of fighting men, but so far from any such number being ready to become invaders of the South, there seems to be no probability of even the new levy of 300,000 men being obtained. The more the truth is known, the smaller will be the probability of volunteers coming forward to meet this waste of human life. If real accounts were allowed to circulate in the Federal States of the hardships which are endured, the slaughter which is suffered as well as inflicted, and the fevers and agues which destroy the hostile hosts, small chance would there be of any bounty drawing even the necessitous and ill used Irish emigrant to such a death as that offered by the White Oak Swamp. These false dispatches and these bombastic general orders are, then, something more than mere breaches of veracity; they are baits to catch more food for powder and more prey for pestilence. McClellan's real position is along the bank of James river, sheltering under the guns of his gunboats, which protect him from the enemy. So long as he stays where he is he must lose largely every night by fever; if he moves, he must move over a swamp into the clutches of a victorious enemy.

Confederate States Congress.

MONDAY, September 26th.
SENATE.

The Senate met at 11 o'clock, A. M. The President, Mr. Stephens, in the Chair.

Prayer by the Rev. Mr. Woodbridge.
LINCOLN'S PROCLAMATION.

Mr. Semmes, of La., introduced the following resolution, which was ordered to be printed and laid upon the table:

Resolved, by the Congress of the Confederate States of America, That the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, issued at the city of Washington on the 22d day of September, in the year 1862, wherein he declares that on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord 1863, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall be in rebellion against the United States, shall be thenceforward and forever free, is leveled against the citizens of the Confederate States, and as such is a gross violation of the usages of civilized warfare, an outrage upon private property and an invitation to a servile war, and therefore should be held up to the execration of mankind and counteracted by such severe retaliatory measures as, in the judgment of the President, may be best calculated to secure its withdrawal or arrest its execution.

Mr. Clark, of Missouri, said the resolutions did not go far enough. He thought the President should be authorized immediately to proclaim, that every person found in arms against the Confederate Government and its institutions, in our soil, should be put to death, and that every citizen of the Confederacy be proclaimed a soldier, for the time being, to execute the proclamation upon the persons of every murderer, thief and scoundrel endorsed and acting under the proclamation of Lincoln. Our people have been murdered, our property destroyed, and now this last and atrocious measure is proclaimed. It is now a matter of life and death. Let us meet the exigency. The resolution was not sufficient. He moved its reference to a special committee.

Mr. Semmes, of La., considered the question of retaliation as an executive question and to be left to the discretion of the Executive to carry out such measures of retaliation as circumstances may justify.

Mr. Henry did not think the resolution strong enough. The time had arrived when we should declare a war of extermination upon every foe that puts his foot upon our soil, no matter what

may be the bloodshed it may cause. We should meet a foe of the character that menaces us, under the black flag, and neither ask nor receive quarter from this day henceforward. In Europe armies have been known to pause when they knew no quarter would be given; officers have deserted their commands when conscious of the fate that would meet them if they fell into the hands of the enemy whose territory they were invading. The way was to declare a war of extermination, and his life for it, we would not be troubled with invasion hereafter.

Mr. Phelan said the introduction of the resolution indicated the dawn of a better policy with reference to the future defense of our country. I am now and ever have been in favor of fighting this contest under the black flag. If it had been erected over the plains of Manassas, one year ago, in my opinion this war would ere this have been ended. I move it be made the special order of the day for 12 o'clock to morrow.

[For the Daily Bulletin.]

WINCHESTER, Tenn.,
October 3d 1862.

Editor Bulletin:

Since writing the communication published in your paper of to-day, on the subject of Extortion, I have learned a fact which, perhaps, is not generally known.

Major Moffet informs me that one of the boot-makers in this town has two prices for boots. One, if paid in bank notes, and another if paid in Confederate money, making a distinction against Confederate money of about 10 per cent.

This is justified like all other practical opposition to the Government, by saying that somebody else does the same thing—that one of the tanners in Winchester is making that distinction.

This, of course, is no excuse, and the time is now rapidly approaching when neither boot makers nor tanners will be allowed to openly make war upon the Government; if men are determined to be our enemies, they must go and stay among our enemies. Men must not be permitted to depreciate the currency upon which alone can we hope for independence in this way. Our currency is everything to us, and is generally received. A few men cannot be permitted to destroy it in this way. If these men will go and join the enemy we can manage them, and will know how to take them, but living within our lines they know what we are doing, and being pretended friends, their proximity to us is such that they can constantly inflict upon us much more deadly blows than if they were at a distance, in the ranks of the enemy.

We cannot trust men who love themselves so well that they cannot forego the temptation to shave a government that is protecting them and their children from a foe more to be dreaded than savages.

Gen. Lee's reputation now overshadows all others. His fame has been nobly won. How long he will be permitted to occupy the public eye is uncertain.

It cannot be forgotten that before and after Manassas '61, Beauregard was a great name. So was Johnston. The two shining lights were brought together—was it with the design that each might be eclipsed? Such, to a certain extent, was the effect. But Beauregard's star was still in the ascendant. Beauregard went to the West and made a name still greater. History will tell by what means and upon what flimsy pretext he was forcibly relieved from duty and driven into obscurity for five months. There are jealousies that are ridiculous, and malignities so mean that they become impotent and farcical.

The system of making our great military chiefs eclipse each other by juxtaposition is very cunning, but it has failed, as all low cunning, in the long run, is sure to do. In the blaze of Lee's deserved glory, Stonewall Jackson has not been forgotten. That go-ahead, really great fighter—the pride and joy of the people—still stands in clear relief before the public gaze. Can any man tell what Lee would have done on the Chickahominy but for the unparalleled Napoleonic campaign in the Valley? Shall we ever forget the work of Jackson in the battles before Richmond, or the fresh laurels that crowned his well-wreathed brow at Cedar Run? Do we not remember that Lee—magnanimous Lee, incapable of the littleness of

jealousy, selected Jackson to turn Pope's flank, and that Jackson was the first to press the sod of Maryland? Lee "puts his best foot foremost" in Jackson. We honor Lee, we gladly accord him the right to be our Commanding General; but never shall we forget or ignore the services rendered his country by that true patriot, pure Christian, invincible soldier, Thomas J. Jackson.

The advocates of West Point direct attention to Lee, Beauregard, Johnston, Jackson, Bragg, Longstreet, and many others, as illustrating the value of a military education. To deny the value of education of any sort is simply foolish. Even the handicrafts require training. But, if we would do justice to both sides of the question, we must remember the opportunities which the graduates of West Point have enjoyed. It is to be expected that a man will achieve a military reputation without a command? Who has done better than Floyd with his opportunities? What Point has achieved as much as Price with his limited means? Not one.

Schools have their uses, in the main indispensable; but the best tuition cannot impart talent, much less genius. Practice at the bedside is worth all the medical looks and lectures; the best school of the soldier is in the field. The test of genius is the overriding of formulas and the application of original ideas. Give the schools their due—give also natural gifts their due—undervalue neither.—Southern L. Messenger.

[From the Richmond Enquirer.]

A Patriotic Song from across the Waters.

We have been favored with a copy of the following beautiful soul-stirring lines from the gifted pen of Mrs. Ellen Key Blunt, daughter of the late Francis Key, the well known author of the "Star Spangled Banner," to whom and his song, a touching allusion, is made in the second stanza. Accompanying the lines is a model of a national flag, in which, thirteen stars, equal to the number of the thirteen States, are arranged in the form of a cross on a blue ground, the red and white bars being disposed of at present:

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

In the name of God! Amen!
Stand for our Southern rights!
Over ye, Southern men,
The God of Battles fights!
Fling the invaders far,
Hurl back their work of woe;
The voice is the voice of a brother,
But the hands are the hands of a foe.
They come with a trampling army,
Invading our native sod—
Stand, Southerners! fight and conquer!
In the name of the mighty God!

They are singing our song of triumph!
Which was made to make us free,
While they're breaking away the heart-strings
Of our Nation's harmony.
Sadly it floateth from us,
Sighing o'er land and wave,
'Till, mute on the lips of the Poet;
It sleeps in his Southern grave.
Spirit and Song departed!
Minstrel and minstrelsy!
We mourn thee, heavy hearted,
But we will, we shall be free!

They are waving our flag above us
With a despot's tyrant will;
With our blood they have stained its colors,
And call it holy still.
With tearful eyes, but steady hand,
We'll tear its stripes apart,
And fling them like broken fetters
That may not bind the heart.
But we'll save our stars of glory,
In the might of the sacred sign
Of Him who has fixed forever
Our Southern cross to shine.

Stand, Southerners! stand and conquer!
Solemn and strong and sure!
The strife shall not be longer
Than God shall bid endure.
By the life which only yesterday
Came with the Infant's breath!
By the feet which ere the morn may
Tread to the Soldier's death!
By the blood which cries to Heaven!
Crimson upon our Sod!
Stand, Southerners! stand and conquer!
In the name of the Mighty God!

To His Excellency President Davis,
From his fellow-citizens,
ELLEN KEY BLUNT,
J. T. MASON BLUNT,
Of Maryland and Virginia.
PARIS, 1862.

\$25 REWARD.

STOLEN ON MONDAY NIGHT, SEPT. 29th, a black HORSE, branded on the left shoulder with a small mule shoe, which formed the letter U. He has had a sore on the top of his withers. It is healed up but not haired over yet. He trots. The above reward will be given for the delivery of said horse.

SOLOMON COOVER,
Oct 3d. 1862. Winchester, Tenn.